

down upon the narrow brink of a precipice, they watched the labours of a man, who, with a kind of scythe that may be used with one hand, was busily mowing the tall grass of the steep field, while, with the other, he clung to some support, that he might not loose his foot-hold, and be precipitated into the abyss that seemed yawning for its prey.

The pastor, who had been long a dweller in those mountain regions, was pleased to impart to intelligent hearers the fruits of his own experience and observation, and as they sat and talked of the wonders and dangers around them, he related many anecdotes of the place, and of those who, from time to time, for such there were, had perished among the chasms of the Pass. There was still a legend, he said, connected with those scenes, and with the family of one who was long years since his predecessor in the pastoral office of Farnæs, which had ever, perhaps owing to that circumstance, possessed for him peculiar interest. He could not say how much of fiction, by its transmission through many generations from father to son, had become blended with the original facts; but that it had its foundation in truth, not an individual in the country doubted. It was still early, and if the strangers were inclined to listen, he would relate it, while they rested in the grateful shade beneath the overhanging fields of Afdal. The curiosity of the travellers was excited, and they eagerly urged him to proceed with his narration, when amidst the scenes where the events he detailed were said to have occurred, he related to his attentive auditors the outline of the following story:—

A fearful murder had been committed, or supposed to have been committed, in the pastoral district of Farnæs, which awakened horror and dismay among the unsophisticated inhabitants of that remote country. Men were seen speaking in subdued whispers to each other, and woman's cheek grew pale at the very thought of a deed so horrible. The person believed to have perpetrated a crime till now unheard of among the simple dwellers of those mountains, was a young man, who might have numbered some six-and-twenty summers, of reserved demeanour, but noble and singularly handsome person. Yet there was something forbidding in his haughty bearing, a sinister expression in his scornful and infrequent smile, and a hidden mystery in the deep and settled gloom that brooded on so youthful a brow. He came a stranger, and alone, among the people of Farnæs,—a truant, as he said, from the court of queen Christina, in search of that truth and simplicity which dwelt only with nature. But it was thought by those who marked his frequent starts, his changing colour, his contracted brow, if but a word jarred rudely on his ear, or a step sounded suddenly beside him, that he was rather a fugitive from the society he had outraged, and was enduring the inward penalty of some unavenged and fearful

crime. Still there was that about him which excited the interest of those among whom he had cast himself, and with the good and urbane pastor of Farnæs he found for the present a hospitable and quiet home.

The family of his host consisted of himself, his daughter, and an ancient female domestic,—and soon it became evident that the young Eurota was an object of deep and tender interest to the stranger guest. The watchful eye of the pastor remarked it, with a pang of the keenest regret—for he had already noted traits in the character of Rodolph Uzendal, which made him recoil from entrusting to his charge the fond and beautiful idol of his affections—she, who from the hour of her birth, till now that her sixteenth summer was attained, had been the joy and light of his home, and around whom every fibre of his desolate heart had entwined itself with such tenacity, that he felt as if life, without the charm of her presence, would be a burden scarcely endurable.—He had been widowed in heart, even before the grave took to its bosom the mother of his fair Eurota—the early object of his love—for insanity was the curse of her family, and for long years before her death she had been a hopeless maniac.

How had the anxious father prayed that this fatal malady might not be inherited by his child. Therefore, he had ever avoided all that might unduly excite or agitate her, he had forborne to oppose her inclinations, he had yielded himself to her slightest wish, and strove to surround her with an atmosphere of love, where all was pure and serene as her own gentle and unequalled beauty. But now that there was an exciting cause to awaken those deep emotions, which had long lain dormant in her soul, the pastor trembled for her safety. Since the arrival of the stranger, he had with pain remarked her altered air, and he saw in the frequent flushing of her cheek, in the restless glance of her eye, indications of a mental struggle, too mighty for her sensitive nature to endure unharmed. Day by day her customary avocations were neglected,—her dumb favourites forgotten,—her flowers languished,—and she loved only to sit in silence, listening untired to the voice of Uzendal, whose gentle accents

— “crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like the bee's liquid honey.”

And when the summer day drew to a close, she did not now, as she was wont, sit down at her father's feet, beside their shaded door, and sing in her low rich voice the songs that he loved; but she linked her arm in that of the stranger's, and wandered forth with him to drink in the tender tones that fell like music on her ear, and surrender her whole being to the delirious joy of the passion which he had awakened in her heart.

None can describe the pangs that wrung the dotting father's heart, as he witnessed in his child these